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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1912.

## MAN'S LOST TITAN.

What a mockery was the name "Titanic." There was nothing titanic in her save a lust for size, for speed, for luxurious splendor. In her bulk alone and the glided trappings of a sensuous ease lay all the hope of security that lulled forgetful passengers into a false rest. She was a show-ship, a defiance and a cockle-shell when the icy perils that dwell in the deep thrust its relentless fingers through her paper sides, and the old ocean sucked her down among its quiet forests, two miles beyond the sight of man, forever. And there, like a broken toy, crumpled and tossed aside, she will rest, while the sightless monsters and the tiny life of submarine saloons fill through the tapestried salons and inland parlors.

She was three city blocks in length, they say, and carried a small city on her decks. But the frost that wrought swift ruin was gathered from the billion leagues of uncharted space, and the law she obeyed like a docile servant was the eternal law that men has not conquered, but just forgotten. The titan was a pygmy. Yet even as she sank, there was something of the one titan in the universe—the unconquerable spirit of the human soul. The men on the doomed vessel stood aside while the women and children were carried to safety. No epic contains a legend of heroism to be compared with that simple list of survivors, with its defiant lists of names with the unadorned poetry of "Mrs." and "Miss" and "Wife and Children." While the women and children come first, vessels may sink and cities fall, but the race still clings to its heritage of valor and undaunted faith in the future.

This is not chivalry, it is not even bravery; it is the formula of a breed. A thousand lives may be lost, but among the saved must forever be the mothers who shall keep the race alive until it shall have learned to use the laws that for a time threaten to extinguish it. Pampered millionaires or penniless immigrants, both answer to an instinct that knows no nation and no religion.

This is the one clear lesson from an overwhelming disaster. Men who go down to the sea in ships still risk their lives as of old, but no law of ice, or water, or darkness can steal or kill their faith in to-morrow. This alone can afford any consolation in the face of a catastrophe that has brought grief and desolation into hundreds of homes. No single life has been lost that in some way cannot be replaced; no talent has perished that cannot be found again; and the priceless knowledge that the heart of the race is sound is added to keep alive the flame whereby we lighten the darkness that surrounds us.

The loss of this last symbol of man's struggle to win the sea as a path for his use, on her first trip, bearing pleasure seekers and rich men, filled with the pride of their material possessions, has something in it that makes God seem near at hand as if moving on the face of the waters, to check with terrible swift hand our insolent content with the gifts of the earth. It recalls lines from Rossetti's "White Ship":

"And under the winter stars still throng,  
From brown throats, white throats,  
Merry and strong,  
The knights and the ladies raised a song."

A song—navy, a shriek that rent the sky,  
That leaped over the deep—the  
Eerie cry  
Of the hundreds living that now must die.  
The ship was eager and sucked  
athirst,  
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef  
pierced.  
And like the molten round a sinking  
cup,  
The waters against her crowded up,  
With prayers in vain and curses in vain.  
The White Ship sundered on the mid-  
main:  
And what were men and what was  
ship  
Were toys and splinters in the sea's  
grip."

## LET BECK ALONE.

The Council Committee on Ordinance, Charter and Reform reflected the sentiment of the people of Richmond in attaching a practically unanimous unfavorable report to the vicious and unnecessary Gilman ordinance. That ordinance proposed a new form of appeal from the decision of the Building Inspector. The Board of Public Safety adequately deals with such appeals, but certain builders and property owners wished to constitute the appellate body of ordinary, unskilled arbitrators. The proposition was to refer the decision of a competent man to an incompetent and partisan board, and was unfair and dangerous to the public safety. The safety of the people should never be a matter of compromise. Individ-

ual rights must be subordinated to social rights; a few disgruntled men cannot be appeased to the detriment of a whole city. If the officials who compose the Board of Public Safety cannot be trusted with the right to judge in building cases, what officers shall we trust at all and with what? The argument that the board will uphold the Building Inspector because officials stand by officials is mere poppycock.

The opposition to the present method of appeal could not give a single concrete instance where the working of the present ordinance destroyed property or infringed any rights. When the building code was first framed the builders said it would be impossible to live under such a law, but building operations have increased under it from less than \$2,000,000 a year to more than \$6,000,000 a year. One of the architects testified at the committee hearing that all the changes suggested in his plans by Building Inspector Beck were for the benefit of his clients and for the protection of their property. That seems to be the sum and substance of the testimony of fair-minded builders and owners, who have felt the weight of Mr. Beck's decisions—that however much they felt aggrieved at first, experience proved him right.

The City Council should adopt the unfavorable report and in quick order throw out the Gilman ordinance. It has never been worth a tenth of the time wasted in its discussion. It should be killed without debate, so that the chronic objectors to the workings of an effective and adequate building code may understand that their interests are negligible when weighed with the public safety. Richmond has a good building law and a good man to enforce it. Let well enough alone and let Mr. Beck alone. There never was a good law yet that did not make somebody howl.

## CAN HUGHES BE TEMPTED?

The Republican references to a compromise candidate for President refer to Charles E. Hughes, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He was Mr. Taft's chief though nominal opponent for the nomination at the last convention; at one time preceding that convention there was a substantial boom for him.

Could Justice Hughes be prevailed upon to accept the nomination? Would he heed the unanimous voice of the convention? It seems unlikely. Only one Justice of the United States Supreme Court ever reached out for the presidency. Only one justice ever intrigued for a nomination. Charles E. Hughes will hardly follow in the faded footsteps of Salmon P. Chase.

Of course, an unsolicited nomination would be another matter. Even at that, it would bring the bench of the loftiest judicial tribunal in the world into partisan politics, and no judge ever had a nicer regard for the dignity of his office than has Mr. Hughes.

Circumstances can be conceived in which it would be the highest public duty of a Justice of the Supreme Court to accept a presidential nomination.

In the hour of a national crisis he might be the only man to whom the country would instinctively turn for leadership, but that crisis does not now exist. Those who suggest Justice Hughes but ask him to leave the bench to save his party from deserved defeat. There is no battle over a great principle of government, but simply a struggle to retain the spoils and keep on the pay roll the army of Republican officeholders.

President Taft and Justice Hughes differ little in political principles. Eminent lawyer, learned judge and profound student that he is, Justice Hughes would naturally be aligned with Taft rather than with Roosevelt.

The only advantage in drafting the Justice is a belief that he could poll more votes than Taft.

That argument will surely have little weight with a man like Justice Hughes.

## THE MAYOR IS RIGHT.

The decision of Mayor Richardson that fines imposed upon members of the police force for violation of department rules cannot be used to pay the salary of officers raised to higher rank by the Police Board is as commendable as it is unassailable. The Police Board wished to promote Detective Peter A. Belton to a detective-sergeant. There was no objection to the promotion, but the board realized that it could not order the increase of pay out of the regular appropriation for the Police Department. It was agreed to pay the difference out of the fines imposed upon members of the force for violation of the rules, such money usually going to the Police Benevolent Association. Mayor Richardson refused to approve this indirect violation of the law, taking the ground that it would amount to an excess of the appropriation allowed the Police Board. This decision was clearly right and in accordance with law. The Police Board has no warrant to do indirectly what it cannot do directly. It cannot usurp the appropriating power of the City Council, as it attempted to do in this case. There is just one way in which city salaries should be raised, and that is the regular way.

## THE HEART OF A CHILD.

What does a child think and feel? If we might believe many of the so-called analyses of child nature, the youth of the species think in cynical epigrams, and feel like maudlin sentimentalists. But in fact, they think without the logic of experience, and feel as much with the stomach as they do with the heart. The New York Evening Post gives a list of impressions made upon the minds of London children while on a fortnight visit to the country as wards of a fresh air society. In these real human documents there is a strange mixture of

the grossly material with the natural poetry of the human soul. Facts are accepted at their face value, and deductions of startling inconsequence made from them, just as might be done by an unpolished savage, untempered by education or altruism.

Food is a basic and inescapable fact in all the infant philosophy. Even Nature was measured by meal time, for "the sea always went out at dinner time, and came back when tea was ready." This preoccupation with eating, we think, most mothers will admit without argument. But we do not know whether the poetic side of child-life has been impressed upon them by such rough jewels as "The trees seemed so happy they danced," or "The rainbow is made of raindrops and the sun, tears and smiles." Yet many a small soul must feel the majestic mystery of space as did this one who writes: "When I looked into the sky one night, you could hardly see any of the blue, for it was light up with stars."

Some convincing scientific observations were made, among them the facts that, "The cows I saw were lazy; they were laying. One was a bull who I dare say had been tossing somebody," or "There were wasps which were yellow and pretty, but unkind." The unkind wasps might live in literature, with the bull whose life was conceived as one long saturnalia of tossing somebody. All the epigrams seem concerned with the business of practical life. "Stinging nettles are a nuisance to people who have holes in their boots." "Only gentlemen are allowed to shoot pheasants, as they are expensive." "Butterflies don't do much work." These maxims illustrate the utilitarian viewpoint of the little Londoner.

Most pathetic of all the lessons to be drawn from their reflections is that these children had already known the sordid cares of life. Their freedom from responsibility for younger brothers and sisters came upon them like a shock. The feeling is summed up with bitter, natural, yet unconscious truth, in the sentiment, "I didn't have to mind no twins. I think them a nuisance. I wish mother had not bought them." This is a stern judgment of society—to have its youth regard babies as nuisances. The heart of a child is a wonderful thing, but the heart of man more wonderful that in this day he has found no way of sending children into a beautiful world to rejoice with the vision of poets instead of burdening them as premature mothers with duties beyond their years.

In North Carolina counties where the parties are well divided the triumph of one party over another largely depends on what manner of men the chairman of the county executive committee is. The Winston-Salem Sentinel rejoices editorially that Gilbert T. Stephenson has been chosen to that office because of his ability, his energy, his character, and his staunch Democracy. Under his leadership the Democrats expect to win a splendid victory, and they will. Here is a young man of unusual education, a profound scholar, and the author of a masterly volume of research on the race problem, who believes it his duty to go into politics and do his share as a worker. When more young men of his type take an active interest in politics, we shall have better politics.

"Colonel Watterson called Colonel Roosevelt a h—l roaring horse." But then "the Colonel of the first part was a long way off from the Colonel of the second part when he did it." Is the caustic comment of the Strasburg News. Come to think about it, did you ever hear of Marsen Henry's cousin anywhere near him? After he turned loose the tabasco on Woodrow Wilson, the Kentucky Colonel "beat it" to Florida.

The Columbia State lists the following as the "Ten Most Dispensable Writers":  
Thomas Dixon, Jr.  
Elmer Glyn  
Cale Young Rice  
Bernard Shaw  
Arthur Brisbane  
Frederick A. Cook  
Dr. Parkhurst  
Charles Edward Russell  
Lincoln Steffens  
The vote is unanimous.

Uncle Simpson Pepper says the best table as hotly he knows of is the one Mrs. Nature sets out for the farmers.

Secretary Knox is learning what the diplomatic term persona non grata means at first hand.

Colonel Roosevelt may be all right at promoting international peace, but the home brand doesn't seem to appeal to him.

Taft will have to get a new model steam-roller to pave his way back to the White House over landslides.

Spring, we take it all back. You were just conning.

All the city candidates are unanimous in the opinion that good government principally depends upon their return to office.

The principal social event of the season for the small boy is the opening of baseball.

Is there going to be music in the parks this summer—or just hotness and silence?

These new feathery white things in women's hats are called "stick-ups." So also are certain pickpockets. Gather.

## On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

## The Garden.

Rake, rake, rake,  
In my old back yard, Oh gee!  
Till it seems that my back will break  
And the neighbors look on in glee.

Rake, rake, rake,  
Where the tin cans of yesterday  
Lie thick on the garden plot  
And the aspies blow every way.

Rake, rake, rake,  
And spade and harrow and hoe,  
When I know down in my heart  
That the garden will never grow.

## Personal.

G. S.—You say you object to the folding chairs that they have at funerals because they are so uncomfortable. Well one does not go to a funeral to be comfortable. To go and sit on one of those little back-breakers lends extra sadness to the occasion, and helps make everybody sorry that the man is dead. We cannot in all sincerity start a crusade for more comfortable funeral chairs, and beg to be excused.

H. D.—Yes, indeed, it seems as though there are days when a man can't lay up a cent, especially when the collectors wait out in the ante-room and take their turns as in a barber shop. Antic-room isn't so bad, either, come to think of it.

A. L. H.—According to the best advice obtainable, the man who invents the odorous sulphur match is dead. His present whereabouts, therefore, must be guessed at. You have one guess. That's all that's necessary.

## From the Hickoryville Clarion.

The editor of this great palladium of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness does not want to name no names or to get personal, but he would like merely to say that the cross-eyed galoot who operates the livery, feed and sales stables next to the Hardsell church had better return the nineteen rods of wire clothes line that he stole out of the back yard adjacent to our sanctum sanctorum one evening this week, as his identity is known and the alouthe bounds of the law will be placed on his trail. A second notice is hereby given that we will not mention the gentleman's name. A word to the wise is better than two in the bush.

Grandma Purdy, who has been falling rapidly for nine years, and is at present in a very feeble state of health, is able to go only light work now, and has accepted a lucrative position running a gang saw down to Anna Hilliker's mill.

Miss Amy Pringle, our village milliner, has gone to the city to look over the new spring styles, and find out whether she dares spring 'em here.

A traveling gentleman from Racine, Wis., is registered at the Hotel Hickoryville. He represents the Hotel as always grown people. We cannot be sure of this, but surely we have a right to expect better conduct on the part of their elders and supposed exemplars. In the interest of law, order, honesty and decency we have the right to demand a cessation of these acts of theft and obligation of the community's assets of beauty.

The man or woman flitting these public park adornments could, with equal propriety, hammer out a section of the bronze statue of Lee as a souvenir or to sell.

But what are the parkkeepers, city and county police for if they cannot immediately make a vigorous fight against these outrages? What is in the way of the William Byrd park-keeper placing a few signs of warning and making a few arrests? And where are the mounted police of the occasion? A few Sundays in this spring season spent by the county police patrolling around in the woods that are private property and a few arrests and fines would force some consideration of the rights of the law-abiding and nature-loving public.

**PUBLIC RIGHT.**

**The Evolution of Man.**  
The rotund Earth doth roll its constant course,  
The silence of the tomb to cover all its prey;  
No record showeth when 'twas made,  
As Chance hath writ on tablets buried deep;  
The lightning flumes the distant mountain peaks,  
So dare the Chambers of the Soul with light;  
When Science with her silent, golden  
Unwinds her tangled skein—the thread of Knowledge.

Man—the human animal—gazing on the Sun,  
Fell down in fear and worshiped. Superstitious belief, ages long before  
He had a language, or a soul aware,  
Nature was his companion: fierce and faint.

A step removed from the wolf—the panther  
Was not so swift to seize and rend his prey  
As the man-beast, made in the mould of divine,  
He grew in stature, and to him was given  
Dominion over every living thing:  
Upon the earth, the waters, and the sky,  
Which winged their curious cumbrous shapes in air,  
He learned cunning from the fox, the serpent.

Lying in his glittering spiral rings  
Was not so swift to strike. The tiger  
So cruel with his flashing fangs and claws,  
Unknowing that he had a Soul, the  
Was growing in his breast. The animal  
Was changing as the sand upon the beach,  
As heave the mountains on the breast of Earth.

Upon a day, in the great depths of time,  
Sweet, heavenly Hope was born—a thing divine;  
And Faith, the proved armor of the Soul,  
And Conscience, with his still, small voice of power;  
And Love, the lever which doth move the world.  
The human flesh shall feed the flames, and each  
Atom shall fly to combination new.  
Yet these shall live, and all the heavenly  
The great oak shall fall to dust, and  
Atom shall fly to combination new.  
The seed shall spring to flower in its turn,  
And all its cycle ever fresh and young.

From the expanding bud of Thought  
Experience came Knowledge, child of Time.  
Begot of human struggle—graved on the stones;  
So Wisdom was the son of blood and tears.  
Who measur'd the mind and who  
The depths of Consciousness? For 'tis a deep  
Of troubled waters beating on the shore  
Of Actuality. The peering eye  
Of Science sees but that hath been before.

The bedrock of Experience was built  
By other men, of other times.  
Doth shine on nothing new save Sin.

## Voice of the People

**Destruction of Park Trees.**  
To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—In reference to the shameful destruction of dogwood trees in William Byrd Park Sunday your notice in yesterday's issue says, "No blame was lodged against the parkkeeper for the reason that he could not be every-

One of the charms of this park is its trees and bushes. The dogwood blossoms lend in a large degree to this attractiveness. Their wanton destruction is strictly in line with the previous acts of many of the Sunday crowds who do not hesitate to devastate both city and private property in the locality mentioned, as well as in other localities.

These pillars have not confined their operations to William Byrd Park. Property owners in the neighborhood of Lakeside, Westhampton and Forest Hill have suffered also, and each year sees an increase of the disgraceful dogwood trees, ornamental growths have been torn away. In many instances the very parent stem itself has been uprooted and annihilated.

The Times-Dispatch article mentions

## ABE MARTIN

At Park, of the "No Hand Out-stretched" save her company, as visiting his mother who works here. Th' more cigarettes cost th' more they smell like a hot lead pencil cracker.

## WHEN DAD WAS A BOY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.)



"Dog gone! I wish they hadn't found her till after the baseball season."

How shall we write the Soul?—for  
Mind is but  
The mirror which can show the sleep-  
ing sense.

This vast possession,  
The child-man grew, and filled his  
cycle full.  
For time untold he worshipped only  
Nature:

Not knowing whence he came, the god-  
like Sun  
Was his divinity, each star a fate.  
He knew not fear save of the unseen  
spirit.

The herdsman sang his song beneath  
the stars,  
And named the Constellations for his  
flocks:

His simple wisdom was a thing of  
Soul,  
And wiser than he knew, he was a  
fool.

Ambition came, and bulled cities  
great.  
The pyramids are monuments of Pride:  
Their chiseled stones cry out aloud  
the groans

Of men, and tell a tale of tears and  
Empires were built. Avarice, Wealth  
and Power  
Filled the earth. Drunk with their  
lusts, they drank the life of  
To their undoing. Soon the sons of  
Nature

Tore them from their marble halls.  
Like Babylon,  
Fell Rome, before the fair-haired Teu-  
ton-Goth.  
Art was destroyed. The hairy savage  
in  
His beak-trill strutted in the stately  
lute

Where centuries before the singer's  
Had sung the victories of the Roman  
deep.  
So Nature turneth back the wheel of  
Progress.

And blurt nations from the book  
of Life;  
So Pride is overtaken in his power,  
When Death shall strike his silent seal

And Manhood liveth in his nakedness  
Of Truth—for 'tis the stuff which  
nourisheth  
The Soul—the sign of Life, which  
maketh men.

The men may die, and marble turn to  
dust,  
Yet doth the pendulum of Progress  
swing  
Its silent, ceaseless stroke. Slow east-  
ward, fateful:  
Westward, deathful, making gain or  
loss

For Death and Life are close com-  
panions. Each  
Doth swing the other as the day and  
night.  
The splendor of the Sun is added to  
When twilight traileth in the sky a  
promise

EDMOND FONTAINE,  
Charlottesville, 1910.

**Unconstitution of the Federal Courts.**  
To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—The question of States rights,  
so tenaciously clung to and so profuse  
of discussion before the Civil War,  
which was settled and abridged by the  
surrender at Appomattox, by no means  
received a death blow. The Constitu-  
tion under which these rights were  
secured, is still the organic law  
of the land, and the same safeguards  
and limitations of that instrument still  
exist, although the political party  
which has had control of the govern-  
ment for forty years has sought in all  
its legislation to limit and control the  
rights and powers of the State; to en-  
croach upon and control the machinery  
of State government, not only in the  
matter of the elective franchise, but  
also in the wearing and disappara-  
ment of the State Judiciary.

The Constitution very definitely sets  
forth the reserve rights of the State  
and people. The enumeration in the  
Constitution of certain rights shall not  
be construed to deny or disparage oth-  
ers retained by the people. Each  
power not delegated to the United  
States by the Constitution, nor pro-  
hibited by it to the States, are re-  
served to the States respectively, or  
to the people.

Now the same supreme law indi-  
cates clearly and specifically the lines  
in which the Federal courts shall  
work; also the character of parties to  
an action and the nature of the action  
which is to be tried in the Federal  
courts. The Federal courts are not  
to interfere in the judicial affairs of the  
States. When a Federal law is to be  
construed or Federal rights invaded  
then such interference is authorized.

The lawyers of the country, notably

In the South and West, quick to ob-  
serve this disposition on the part of  
Federal judges, are ever ready, upon  
various pretexts, to claim and obtain  
Federal jurisdiction in both criminal  
and civil cases, which have been tried  
in the State courts and the decisions  
there given have proved disastrous to  
their hopes. For some years past  
nearly every case of any importance,  
both civil and criminal, has before its  
close, been carried from the State to  
a Federal tribunal on some far-  
fetched, very fine and attenuated tech-  
nicality. Of course this is calculated  
to weaken the authority and dispa-  
rize the power and influence of the State  
Judiciary.

There are many instances, particu-  
larly in the Western and Southern  
States, in which this tendency of  
United States courts to extend their  
jurisdiction is plain and manifest,  
thereby discrediting the State courts  
and jeopardizing the rights of citi-  
zens under State laws. State sov-  
ereignty is something more than a  
sounding phrase. If it does not sug-  
gest and imply supreme authority over  
local affairs it suggests nothing, and  
the difference between Federal and  
unmistakable is to be deplored and re-  
sisted.

It cannot be denied that the act of  
a United States court taking juris-  
diction and ruling upon the conduct of  
county and municipal officers, whether  
their duties be properly or improp-  
erly discharged, is certainly a refuta-  
tion of our form of government.

A vigilant and determined main-  
tenance of the lines dividing the Fed-  
eral and State governments, especially  
with reference to the jurisdiction of  
the courts, is of the highest impor-  
tance. It is the highest importance  
of the political system handed down by  
the fathers, who, in wisdom almost  
Godlike, laid the lines of the Constitu-  
tion deep and enduring to last for  
all coming time.

Every American citizen, whether  
Democrat or Republican, cannot watch  
with too jealous an eye the encroach-  
ment of Federal jurisdiction upon State  
authority, or be too ready to give the  
warning cry that these lines are be-  
ing crossed. JAS. C. RENSHAW,  
Charlottesville.

## QUERIES &amp; ANSWERS

**Whitewash.**  
Please publish a good receipt for  
whitewash which may be sprayed on.  
T. W.

Slake one barrel of lime in a tight  
cask, using just sufficient water, and  
stirring in one peck of salt. Cover  
this paste and allow to stand for three  
days. Thin with water to about con-  
sistency of milk if the wash is to be  
used with a brush. Your sprayer will  
require the wash to be made some-  
what thinner.

At the Virginia Penitentiary a for-  
mula used to be given which was as  
above, except that there was a small  
quantity of tallow used. Lately this  
seems to have been omitted. Most of  
the inmates about Whitewash refer to  
that used at the penitentiary. The con-  
spicuously good results obtained there  
come, it is said, more from repeated  
application than from any special ex-  
cellence in the method of preparing  
the wash.

**"Last of Lempe."**  
Please inform me who was the au-  
thor of "The Last of the Lempe," and  
tell me something of him. A. F. G.

Samuel M. Janney, born Loudoun  
county, Va., January 11, 1801; member  
of a prominent family of that region;  
a Quaker; superintendent of Indian  
Affairs, and author of several works—  
"The Country School House," "A  
Teacher's Gift," "Life of Penna.," "Life  
of Fox," etc., etc.

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